

# A SATYR

ON THE

## Pretended Ghost

Of the Late

Lord RUSSEL.

*Si Natura negat, facit Indignatio Versum.* Juy. Sat. 1.

**W**hen sullen Darkneſs had o'er-ſpread the face  
O'th Univerſe, when th'Sun had ceaſ'd to grace  
The ſpacious Earth with his Illuſtrious Beams,  
And dipt his Golden Head i'th weſtern ſtreams;

VWhen every Mortal was diſpos'd to reſt,  
And anxious care was baniſh'd from each breſt:

Tir'd with the Labours of the fore-paſt day,

Each one to ſweet Repoſe makes haſt away

VWhen pleaſant ſleep had cloſ'd up ev'ry eye,

And ev'ry honeſt man did ſlumbering lye

When none but Tories ſtagger'd up and down,

And Bullies, to diſturb our peaceful Town.

Like Owls and Batts they ſhun the hated Light,

To act their deeds of darkneſs in the Night.

Then did begin this Pleaſant Comedie,

VVich prov'd to th' Actor almoſt a Tragedie;

As by the Sequel, you will plainly ſee.

The envious Tories with the Devil combin'd,

T' aſperſe that noble Lord, who lately ſhin'd

As a bright Star, in our terreſtrial Sphear,

Alas too glorious to continue here

Longer amongſt poor Mortals; but he's gon

To joyn in Comfort, with the Heavenly throng:

Where he enjoys eternal peace and reſt,

And with Felicitie's, for ever bleſt:

Above the reach of the malicious hate

Of wicked Tories; and of cruel fate

That would allow to's Life no longer time

But now the ſcene begins, O horrid ſight!

A dreadful Ghost appears, dreſt all in white:

Enough to ſcare a Tory out of his ſenſes,

Who loves to ſee nothing in white but wenches.

And thus he did begin, with hollow voice,

And a ſhrill tone, utter'd with doleful noiſe.

*I am the late Renown'd Lord Ruſſel's Ghost,*

*That with a ſigh my melancholy ſoul doth*

Of this vain World: O what a grievous potter  
Is made o' th' Speech of which I'm not the Author:  
For though it went Disguis'd under my Name,  
Yet Doctor Burnet only made the same:

I cannot rest in quiet in my Grave—

No, says the honest Whig, then thou shalt have  
That which will make thee; 'Twas no sooner said,  
But strait the Restless Ghost he bravely laid,  
Not by th' uncertain Art of Magick Spells:  
Or pious cheats, us'd in Religious Cells;  
But the ne'r failing, sovereign Remedy  
Did to's Jolt-Head, and Asses Ears apply,  
Of oyl of Club, which did him so deface  
St. Dunstan's Devil, was ne'r in such a case.  
Thus was the Poppish, and unthinking Sot  
Caught in the Noose of his own shallow Plot.  
Like silly witches when in great'st distress  
Left by the Fiend they ador'd, find no redress:

E'en so did our deluded wretched Cully  
Reap the Reward, of his prodigious Folly:  
Left by the Devil his master, and too late  
For him to scape, (O Inevitable Fate!)  
Without found dubbing, and a broken Pate.  
O Horrid Villanie, as ever can

Be perpetrated by perfidious man  
Tower, the wide mouth'd Bandog of the Nation

May have new matter for his Observation,  
Since Tory visions, are come into fashion.

The whiggish Maid of Harfield was a cheat:

'Tis this Gigantic Son must do the feat:

What envious Roger, and his yelping Crew,

Wanted by fence and reason to prove true,

This Gallant countess' Ghost must do.

Over the dead t' insult, and Tyrannize

Argues but base, unmanly cowardise.

Yet when this Noble Lord to Nature paid

His Debt, their rancor and malice was not staid:

Steep'd in the Livid Gulf of raging Passion

To Sacrifice his former Reputation,

By shamming cheats, and Lies upon the Nation.

Thanks to kind Heavens, Defenders of the good

And just, which all their curst designs withstood:

Laught at their Pride and Folly, and has cast,

On this their well form'd Tory Plot a Blast.

Therefore let every honest man engage

In hearty Votes to Heaven to save our Age,

From Popish Malice, and from Tory Rage.

By J. H.

FINIS.

Entered according to Order.

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